

## TROT'S MOTHER.

(Young Ladies' Journal.)

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first, and pass the box to me. I know you would want to hear the particulars, and I—I have been trying to put off the evil moment. I'm getting an old man now, Harry, and all this shock me a good deal at the time."

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my knee. There, that's better. Seem odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bachelor like me nuzzling a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day, aren't you, Trot? How the time flies!"

"You see, my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. She never guessed that you thought of her in that way. It might have saved her—who knows?"

"It must be nine years since your Uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only fifteen then. Don't you think Trot is very like her? The same large brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways."

"She came to me one morning soon after you started for China, with a letter in her hand."

"Look here, uncle," she said, kneeling beside me, and holding the note where I could read it, "it's from the Golds and they invite me to go and stay with them at Ventnor. May I accept?"

"Do you want to go, Violet?" I asked.

"Of course I do," she answered, laughing. "We are so quiet here at home, and there would be such a delightful change. Please let me, uncle. I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything."

"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made me quite a different man; but it seemed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote, begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the heart to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home."

"The very day after her return he came—a contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out at first that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece."

"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank, open manner, that was sure to win a girl's favor, but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further. I could, I took a strong and apparently unreasoning dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied, observed every little act and word, until at last I was convinced that I knew him through, and that he was no fit husband for my little Violet."

"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I know I should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care, and I vowed to myself that nothing on earth should induce me to do so, and I told him to discontinue his visits."

"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him, with or without my consent."

"Don't look at me so reproachfully, Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but I am here severely punished for my folly. You have let your cigar out. Here are the matches."

"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not so good as it used to be."

"I was sitting here one evening, when Violet came in slowly, and sitting down where you are, looked at me very sadly for some minutes."

"Uncle, dear," she said at last, "I can't understand you. I never believed that you could be so hard and cruel."

"It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary," she went on. "It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself, and not be influenced by any one. I have made up my mind and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again."

"Yes, when you yield to my wishes," I answered, coldly. "You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of men. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is—"

"As it is—what then? Oh! uncle, and she slipped from the chair and knelt on the rug at my feet. "Pray—pray be your old self again. You were never angry with me before, and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn your back away from me without a smile. Do you love me only if I have no voice, no will of my own?"

"Listen to me, child," I said, looking her in the face. "I have striven to be a father to you since I brought you here; I have loved you, haven't you only knows how dearly! In return I only ask you to let me prevent your making a complete wreck of your life. I want to save you from a sad fate and you think me a tyrant."

"She took my hand in both hers, and pressed her face on it, then looked up at me with a smile."

"I wish Harry was here," she said. "He would help me to convince you. He always took my side."

"I ought not to have told you that, my dear boy, but it was so fresh in my mind, as it struck me forcibly at the time, knowing as I did your love for her. Forgive me my want of tact."

"She was not given to shedding tears like some women or she would have cried then. Her cheeks were hot and burning as they touched my hand, while her eyes were feverishly bright. She used every argument she could find to induce me to consent to her engagement, and as I remained silent she drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in my face."

"You relent, uncle," she whispered in an agitated way. "You will let me be happy?"

"In that way, never," I told her, sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw away my fingers, but she clung to them tightly, while her lips quivered."

"Don't say that, uncle," she cried hoarsely. "Dear uncle, oh what can I say—what can I say to make you?"

"You think I was very hard, Harry, I see, but I thought it best."

"Eush, child," I said. "Nothing will induce me. I am resolved."

"And so am I," she said sorrowfully, dropping my hand and rising to her feet. "I should always have wished to please you; but now that you are harsh and unjust, and will not listen to reason, what can I do?"

"She waited for me to speak, but I had no words at hand. I was too hurt and angry. She went toward the door, then came back and stood beside me, resting her hand lightly on my shoulder."

"Try and forgive me, uncle. I love him so—I love his faults that make you despise him, and his virtues that you do not know. Won't you kiss me, uncle?"

"I was half inclined to take her in my

arms and tell her she should do what she would, but I did not. After a few minutes of dead silence I heard her catch her breath in a half sob, and then the door closed upon her, and I was alone."

"The next day she did not come down before I went to the city, and when I came home she was gone. I have forgiven her now, Harry; but it was a cruel blow. After all my love and care I did not think she could have left me like that!"

"Why, Trot, you look quite frightened. I'm not cross, my pet."

"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on; but you are so impatient. Well, some time after—a year, or two years perhaps, I can't remember exactly—I was coming home at dusk—in the Strand I think it was, I met a woman in a shabby black dress, with a child on her arm; our eyes met, and then somehow or other we were the center of a crowd, and I was raising Violet's head from the hard pavement. She had fainted on seeing me, and I had just contrived to save her and the little one from a severe fall."

"I brought her home in a cab, and my housekeeper helped her into bed. Harry, she was next door to starvation, when that accidental meeting gave her back to me—for only three days. I was too late to save her."

"You have forgiven me," she asked that evening, as I sat by her bed."

"I forgive you, my child, long since; but not him who has brought you to this. Where is he?"

"Dead," said the poor girl, in a faint whisper. "Don't speak ill of him. I can't bear it."

"I asked her why she had not let me know she was in distress—why she had not come home."

"I was ashamed to come," she said, "I knew you would not turn from me; but I was too much ashamed."

"The next day but one the doctor told me—what to expect. I promised the poor child that Trot should take her place with me. I held the little one for her to kiss, and had it taken away, and then—"

"Trot, my darling, run upstairs to nurse for awhile; I'll call you down again by-and-by."

"And then, as I said, Violet bade me goodbye. Her last words? They were, 'Give my love to Harry.'"

"These incessant fogs have a very bad effect on my throat. I can't talk for any length of time without getting like I did just now, so that I can't croak out a word."

"There isn't much more to tell, fortunately, for I'm getting as hoarse as a raven. I was out, with Trot by my side, one day last autumn, when I came upon some one I had thought gone to join the majority. He was walking with a pretty, stylish-looking girl, chatting and laughing, but when he saw me his smile died on his lips, and the blood flew to his face."

"His gaze dwelt for an instant on the child whose hand I held. He knew those brown eyes and long lashes, and he saw the black frock."

"There, that is all, Harry. I read your thoughts. You must not leave him to heaven. Promise me you'll look after him. You promise? Your hand on that. Heaven help you, my poor lad!"

A Household Treasure.

Says a shrewd writer: "Only let a wife know she is precious to her husband, and she will be to him and to her children a well-spring of happiness. There is good reason in that, as there is good sense in the old proverb, 'A wife who is precious to her husband is a treasure to his household.'"

Many women are cruelly run down by work and worry, but hardly any are beyond the power of Brown's Iron Bitters to restore. Mrs. L. D. Hamilton, Bedford, O., says: "I derived permanent cure from using Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic for general debility."

The following letter from Secretary Bayard to the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia will interest all Irishmen. It has but recently appeared in print:

Nicholas J. Griffin, Esq., Secretary of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR—I have your personal note accompanying the card of invitation to dine with your ancient and honorable society on their 14th anniversary, St. Patrick's Day, and sincerely regret that I cannot accept it. The obvious and many duties of my public office here prevent me from doing so, and I am unable to do so with more force than to American citizens of Irish blood or birth who are honest and patriotic in their feelings, and who realize the constant attention that is needed, in the midst of an anarchical and anarchical world, to the other lands, and the echoes of which we can hear in our own free country, where base and silly individuals seek to stain the name of Ireland by baseness and wickedness, and who realize the constant attention that is needed, in the midst of an anarchical and anarchical world, to the other lands, and the echoes of which we can hear in our own free country, where base and silly individuals seek to stain the name of Ireland by baseness and wickedness, and who realize the constant attention that is needed, in the midst of an anarchical and anarchical world, to the other lands, and the echoes of which we can hear in our own free country, where base and silly 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